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EDITED BY

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AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AND NORTH  
AMERICAN MEDICAL REVIEW.

From the last number of the North American Medical Review we copy the following remarks from the Senior Editor, Dr. Gross, in relation to the late meeting of the American Medical Association:

"The recent meeting of the American Medical Association at Washington proved, as was anticipated, to be one of the most agreeable, as it was one of the largest, assembles of the kind that has ever convened. The number of delegates present was nearly or quite five hundred, representing, with two or three exceptions, every State in the Union. Even California had her member, in the person of Dr. Harvey, who was one of the few passengers saved, and the only one of five physicians on the occasion of the sinking of the ill-fated steamer Central America, on her way from the Isthmus to New York, a few months ago. The proceedings of the meeting, although possessing a certain kind of interest to those who are fond of medical politics, we do not think are of sufficient importance to justify the space which their publication in our pages would require. The number and value of the contributions, as well as can be ascertained, will equal if not exceed those of any previous session; and when the Transactions shall appear, we shall take pleasure in laying before our readers abstracts of the the more interesting papers.

Bowling is the author. See p. 14 How the lecture

[On Dr. Gross's Review of  
Dr. Eve's address before the  
Am. M. Soc. at Washington



"The meeting was held in the lecture-room of the Smithsonian Institute, where the delegates were welcomed to Washington in a pleasant speech by Dr. Harvey Lindsley, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements. The retiring President, Dr. Paul F. Eve, then delivered an address, consisting mostly of a sketch of the history of the Association, and a statement of what it had accomplished, closing with a decided, but we think rather problematical, assertions concerning its moral power. Upon this last theme, and in allusion to the controlling influence assumed for the Association over medical education, and more particularly over the medical colleges of the country, the worthy President made use of the following extravagant language:—"It has," he says, "but to speak on this point, and it will be obeyed; for it is now too late for any physician to oppose, or any medical college to set at defiance the moral power of this body." Now, if we mistake not, this all-powerful body has repeatedly lifted its trumpet-tongued voice against the medical schools,—its messengers in the form of committee-men, raising themselves as high as the two short stirrups of the saddle on which they sit will permit, and in true Quixotic tones summoning the windmills to lay down their arms and surrender; but the latter, not excepting the one in which the President is interested, unimpressible by what seems to be a *vox et præterea nihil*, continue to turn their sails to the favoring breeze, from whatever quarter it may come, and go on grinding out doctors in the old tic-tac style, stopping only now and then to have a rotten or worn-out cog replaced with one of better stuff, or to have the stones set a little closer, to suit the increasing demand for a finer product.

"We have no idea that the Association, as at present organized, consisting, as everybody knows, of a large majority of what are called, curiously enough, *lay* members of the profession, and evincing as it does, in a greater or less degree, a sentiment of hostility toward the medical colleges, will ever succeed in accomplishing its high and worthy object in the matter of medical education, until it shall assume a more deferential tone toward those in whom the power practically resides. It is the purest fustian gravely to announce to the medical faculties throughout the country that they dare not disobey the commands of the National Association; when it is a well known fact that the latter, notwithstanding the great moral power claimed for it by the late President, has not succeeded, after a labor of ten long years, in incorporating a single one of its propositions among the requirements for graduation heretofore agreed upon by the leading schools. But we think that the Association is coming to its senses upon this question, for, at the meeting just held, a committee-resolution was adopted, requesting



all the schools to send their delegates next year to a special meeting, to be held at the place agreed upon by the Association, one day in advance of the latter, to concert such measures as they may deem best for the improvement of the present system of public teaching; the result of their deliberations to be presented in a report to the Association. In other words, the Association has appointed a committee, consisting of all the delegates of the medical schools, to make a report upon the subject of medical education at the next meeting. If the schools, and more especially those that are generally looked upon as the leading institutions of the kind, will take this matter into hand, some good may possibly be accomplished; and yet it requires no prophetic vision to discern almost insurmountable difficulties in the way. We need refer to only a single one, the question of clinical instruction. Besides teaching is admitted, by all sober-thinking minds, to be essential to an adequate course of instruction, before the student applies for graduation, and yet not one-half the schools are enabled to offer any more in this way than the occasional introduction of a patient into the lecture-room of the college. But still, we hope for something, undefined though that something be to our minds at present, and shall lend our feeble efforts in promoting the success of the experiment."

We quote the above in extenso that Dr. Gross may have the full advantage of his argument. Besides it is our habit.

That Dr. Eve's address, noble, manly, and to the point as it was, a great State paper, emanating from a great brain, under the promptings of exalted impulses, should fail to secure the good opinion of Dr. Gross, neither astonishes nor puzzles us. The horizon of the one, from the altitude of his stand point, must forever remain a region of glory shut out from the vision of the other. For this the editor of the Review is not to be held responsible. The blind can not form any conception of light. When Dr. Johnson had exhausted his great descriptive abilities upon a blind man, and rejoiced at their success, upon his listener declaring that he "understood it," he was suddenly overwhelmed with disappointment upon hearing the blind man repeating, "yes, yes, I *now* understand it, I am sure it *tastes like sugar*." The afflicted deserve consideration for their misfortunes, and the benevolent will never quote them save as we do now, in apology for the sufferer.

The editor of the Review was present at the late meeting of

the Association, and had enacted before him a drama, demonstrating a *force* of moral power, which scores of the oldest and most eminent members declared that they had before no idea was resident in that body, and which seemed to astonish every one, yet Dr. Gross, having eyes saw not, and left with a full conviction that all such exhibitions of moral force were sheer moonshine, or "fustian." It is related of an honest Dutelman that having returned whole by a miracle of mercy, from an aerial excursion upon which he had been precipitated by the explosion of a powder mill, he exclaimed, with the most provoking *sang froid*, "I'll be drot if powder can do much any how—goot for noise and schmoke, but der fire goes out ver quick."

We regret exceedingly that our friend of the Review did not avail himself of the occasion of the presence of that vast assembly at Washington, in the heat of the test of moral power, to give utterance to the views which he since publishes so coolly. He had then and there a fair opportunity to impress his views upon that great assembly, but he opened not his mouth. When the Association was bearing down with a forty locomotive power upon a medical brother, he kept quiet in his seat, when the views he subsequently coolly writes out in his closet, would have benefitted—

"One lone, unarmed, unfriended man,"

who, single-breasted, was battling with the Philadelphia oxy-hydrogen blow pipe, backed by the Association, until his very marrow seemed in danger of being melted down, the valiant knight of the Review sat upon his shield with his lance reposing at his feet, and his plumed hat beside him, like Achilles in the stern of his boat, oblivious of the clangor of conflict. But when the friend with whom he agreed as to the power of the Association, was *hors du combat*, after fighting manfully against desperate odds, and the conquerors had diffused themselves over thirty States, the hero of the Review claps on his helmet, mounts his Rozinante, lance in hand, and defies the power of all Israel!

We ask every member of the American Medical Association, present at the last meeting, if it is not his deliberate opinion that had Dr. Gross embodied in a speech before that



body the editorial we have quoted, would he not have been the same hour expelled? For ourself, observant as we were of the temper and bearing of that body, we have not a doubt of it. We do not say it would have been right, and we should in that event have resisted it, but we believe it would have been done, and we have as little doubt that Dr. Gross thinks so himself. At all events he was entirely too *prudent to make the experiment.*

Dr. Wood, of New York, Surgeon to Bellevue Hospital and lecturer upon Surgery in the great Amphitheatre of that Institution, is a very small man physically, but America has produced but few Surgeons that stood so high professionally, and among that number Dr. Gross's admirers will not attempt to place him. Well, Dr. Wood was Chairman of the Committee upon Medical Education at the late meeting. This gentleman is the committeeman to whom Dr. Gross so elegantly refers in the plural as "raising themselves as high as the two short stirrups of the saddle on which they sit will permit, and in true Quixotic tones," &c. We do not think the manners of the editor of the Review have improved very much since his return to his native atmosphere. While out South he was more respectful. As to the power, moral or otherwise, of the Association over the medical schools, it as a body has no medical schools of her own to regulate, but it is absolutely ridiculous in Dr. Gross, to pretend that the medical men of the nation, including himself, can not frown down an organization calling itself a school.

The most amusing part of our editor's article, however, is his allusion to the tic-tac tub-mills employed in grinding out Doctors. And he says the one in which Prof. Eve is teacher is no exception to the rule, "stopping now and then to have a rotten or worn out cog replaced by better stuff." Our friend is not the first philosopher who made his own experience the measure of that of others. The school of which Dr. Eve is an ornament and illustration has never had a cog either worn out or "rotten" to be replaced. There has been but a single cog displaced, and that one by death. This is the experience here, but it is very different with Dr. Gross. Dr. Gross' first experience was in a tic-tac tub-mill at Cincinnati; after grinding out the

first grist it was discovered that the principal cog, that of Surgery, was worn out, and it was accordingly "replaced by better stuff," not found, however, in the person of Dr. Gross, for the disciplined and microscopic eye of Dr. Drake could find no material in Dr. Gross out of which to construct a new one. Dr. Parker, of New York, was introduced, and Dr. Gross left as before to play "bones" in the concert. After grinding out three more grists the motor power, like that of Apple Pit Creek, in Swallow Barn, gave out, and the tic-tac tub came to a stand-still forever.

But the cogs of the defunct tic-tac tub-mill were not condemned as rotten or worn out. They were extracted and disposed of at second hand for what they would bring. A graduate from it upon hearing of its sudden demise, wrote us, "Did ever school promise so much or do so little?"

Dr. Gross turned up at Louisville as a Surgeon, and Dr. Drake as teacher of Clinical Medicine and Pathological Anatomy! All of their old students were amazed. Had Rodgers, the excellent Chemist have turned up as Professor of Constitutional law they would not have been more astonished.

At Louisville the cogs of the machine, like the gout in Baron Tonsier, were "flying about in every direction." The editor of the Review flew out, flew in, then flew out again. His friends, by courtesy, were amazed at his feats of peregrination. He had travelled the country all over, and his personal history bid fair to become a second edition of the Wandering Jew. Medical journals were fatigued with the constantly returning necessity of chronicling his wanderings, and breathed easier when he closed the circle of his ramblings at Jefferson, from whence he had set out thirty years before. Hippocrates and Drake travelled for knowledge, but Hahnemann and Gross travelled to peddle it for what the market afforded. We have always maintained and shall continue to do so, that the editor of the Review has the application and genius, without which there is no true greatness, but in his case they have been prevented from working out their sublime end by the antagonism of a sleepless and petulant jealousy. Goldsmith, when he betrayed this miserable weakness by declaring, upon hearing the dexterity of a monkey extolled, that he "could do it himself



as well," but illustrated a trait so prominent in the character of the editor of the Review, as to swallow up those sterling achievements, which unembarrassed would have secured him an enviable position in the ranks of his contemporaries. His acquaintances, for the most part, either unwilling to undergo the labor of an analysis of his character, or from a want of that critical acumen which would enable them to compass it, overlook his learning and genius, and content themselves with the conclusion, which he seems constantly struggling to precipitate, that he is but a miserable compound of inconsistencies, blunders, and jealousies. While it has been our misfortune as the conductor of a medical journal to be compelled to notice these elements, as they are yearly scattered broad-cast over the medical field, from a vain hope that he might be deterred from a repetition, and thus secure nobler ends, yet we believe that we this day have a higher regard for him upon the whole, a sincerer respect, than any of his medical acquaintances; either among those whom he has attempted to destroy by his jealousy, or those he would puff into consequence by his nonsense. And our reason for this belief is deduced from the conclusion that we understand his virtues and his weaknesses better than any other, having studied them longer, and are thus enabled to bring out an approximation to symmetry, from which a more superficial examination would deduce utter deformity. A result of a patient, microscopic turn of mind, which enables us to analyse minute matters, and employ much labor for little or no profit. He is now in a new field, and instead of bearing himself with becoming humility in view of multiplied defeats and disasters, puts on airs, assumes, by self-inflation, the proportion of the Goliath of medicine, and dares even to dictate terms to the American Medical Association! In his insufferable arrogance he proposes to himself to regulate medical teaching in the United States, and for fear that the Association may become a stumbling block in his way, it is apparent that he must demolish that. He takes to himself the credit of multiplying schools in the South, in order to break up established institutions that Jefferson Medical College may become the tic-tac for the multitude of students of the South to graduate, or buy a diploma at. Was there ever so egregious a mad-

man? While he is doing all this, as he thinks in the dark, his motives and actions are as transparent as glass. To make his journal national, as he says, one of the editors goes to New Orleans, and thus the huge concern is to bestride the continent like a colossus. It is to become a model reaping machine, uprooting or sawing off whatever is its good pleasure not to leave standing, and to plant and cultivate whatever is agreeable to it. It is to be (we speak it not irreverently), the great I AM of journals. Its flunkies are to be multiplied and gassed up, and scattered broad-cast throughout the Southern land, The sun-shine of its smile is to be necessary for any existence, worth having, and its frown as fatal as the exhalation of the upas. Its mighty proprietor from some lofty peak of the Alleghany is to cry out to the skulking millions, RATS TO YOUR HOLES! and all of the disobedient are expected in a regular stampede to flee in hot haste from the glory of his countenance, while his flunkies are to come up and lick the protecting hand of their august master. And this self-elected monarch is he whose antecedents we have faithfully chronicled! He proposes to make and unmake medical schools in the South, he being in the North, and a Northern man, when he never had force enough to keep one from going to pieces, with which he was directly connected. While on the ground he was always defeated, and now he proposes to himself triumphs and laurels in the field which he ingloriously abandoned. Had one of the Egyptian snakes crept out of the anus of the snake of Moses, and, finding itself only half digested, proposed to feed on snakes the balance of its life, his snakeship would have been guilty of a folly less sublime in height and depth than that of Dr. Gross.

In abandoning the Association he abandons the last hope of medicine, as the profession of an American gentleman, and assumes the leadership of its irregular and pestilent calumniators. His editorial is in manner and style precisely what we meet with in the Eclectic, Homœopath, and Water-cure journals, without their honesty or sincerity.

The insolence of the Review in declaring that the medical power is with the schools and not with the representatives of the great body of American, working physicians, entitles itself to what it will receive—the contempt and scorn of every hono-



rable physician. This declaration of the power of medical schools over the PEOPLE of the profession is now made for the first time, and we call upon every independent journal of the country to pass the declaration around. Let it be remembered that it comes from Jefferson Medical College, against which it has been for years a standing charge from Maine to Louisiana, that it was a mere corporation of individuals to make money by graduating everybody that applied, and regraduating applicants from all quarters. It was charged in a public speech by the venerable Hooker, before the American Medical Association at the meeting at Nashville of drawing incompetent students of New England who could not graduate in the New England schools, and conferring the degree upon them.

We have reprinted in our journal, and called the attention of Jefferson Medical College to the fact, the most offensive quack advertisements from persons claiming to have graduated there, and not the slightest attention was paid to it. A brother physician handed us one the other day of similar character, which we decline publishing, on the ground that it would be an advantage to Jefferson, to have it advertised that such people could graduate there. Then, Jefferson had not repudiated the American Medical Association. Now she has, and we do not hesitate to call the attention of such young gentleman as design a virtuous future, to these outrages, that they may by escaping Jefferson escape the great leveler. Among our subscribers and contributors, and old office students, are gentlemen of spotless purity of character, who graduated at Jefferson, whom we would not offend by unfriendly allusions to their Alma Mater, but we speak not of Jefferson as she was, but Jefferson as she is, and with Dr. Gross at her helm, what she is likely to become. These gentlemen will not excuse the shortcomings of the present Jefferson Medical College. Her great lights, whom we honored, went down to the tomb embalmed in the benedictions of a noble and generous profession, and one yet glows with the mellow sun-set radiance of early autumn above the horizon, a cog rotted out to make room for better stuff, in the person of Dr. Gross! God save the mark!

This self-made dictator gives the *lay* members of the profession to understand in commendable plainness of speech that

they must learn to be "*more deferential*" to medical colleges! Off with your hats, gentlemen! If the *lay* members of the South do not *lay* him where he deserve, for his arrogance, to be laid, we shall acknowledge our ignorance of their metal.

We have said that we were prepared to defend the editor of the Review from the common belief that he was *only* a tertiary compound of inconsistencies, blunders and jealousies. Before we undertake it, however, we, from common honesty, have to concede the following *counts* in the bill of indictment:—

1st. Dr. Gross, in the Western Journal of Medicine charged editors of journals with meanly praising any book from no higher motive than cupidity, through which they might add another book to their libraries. For this offence Dr. Breckenridge, then editor of a journal, flayed him.

2nd. Dr. Gross afterwards becoming editor of the Louisville Review, the same sentiments appear therein as an editorial, with this modification, that such offences existed for the most part among editors of the East. For this, his integumentary covering having been renewed, the Eastern journals flayed him again.

3rd. Dr. Gross then moved himself, and his journal East, and published that the offensive editorial published at Louisville was written by his junior. He thus dodged the consequences of his own folly, for the junior in that article had copied the sentiments previously published by the senior.

4th. Dr. Gross, it was notorious, was freezing to become President of the American Medical Association. This was before he went East. The precedents showed that the place of meeting generally selected the President. At Detroit he struggled to secure the next meeting at Louisville, his then place of residence, but it was voted to Nashville. Instantly in his own jealous little mind, he saw Eve President. This was gall and wormwood. He wanted the meeting to go to Louisville, because of the precedent that the place gave the President, but it was no sooner voted to Nashville than he commenced struggling with Nashville men to break up the bad precedent. He opened himself to us, having sought us for that purpose. We agreed with him, and both Dr. Eve and ourself in this journal honestly labored against the precedent. But Dr. Gross, true to



his instincts, thought, measuring us by himself, that it would be unsafe to trust us, and to defeat Dr. Eve, against whom his jealousy was boiling over, in utter disregard of an implied understanding between him and us, put all of his transparent trickery in requisition to make a Nashville President, but not of Dr. Eve. To the utmost of his ability he endeavored to excite a spirit of rivalry between members of the College Faculty here, and we know that he felt sure of the success of his treachery to us, because his representative here at the meeting, Dr. Dunglison, was innocent enough to express astonishment at the failure of the plan. His trickery resulted in the election of Dr. Eve. Astonounded that he was caught in his own trap, he declared in his own journal that such an election was no honor to any man. No honor! Why then did Dr. Gross endeavor to procure a precisely similar position for one here he termed "friend?" Is that the way *he* treats a friend? Would it be an honor to one Nashville gentleman and no honor to another?

The first year after Dr. Gross left Louisville, and there was therefore, no danger that *he* would be President, the Association by a unanimous vote, indicated Louisville, as the next place of meeting. This was too much for his shattered nerves, and he is down upon the Association.

It seems very probable that the Presidentship will never prove any honor to him. In commenting upon the election of Dr. Eve he reproduced that miserable littleness which charged editors with praising a bad book for the sake of the money value of the book. He charges the grave members of the Association with selling their votes for a mess of pottage; that the election of Dr. Eve "was a concession to good eating." Few men, it strikes us, who worship any God but the belly would ever have thought of such a motive as influencing the votes of honorable men. The only instance we remember has occurred since the charge of Prof. Gross, where his fellow-citizen, Hon. Jehu G. Jones, of Pennsylvania, is reported by the newspapers as charging upon the floor of Congress that the opponents of the Administration were influenced in their political course, by the fact that the President had refused to invite them to dine at the White House. We suppose Mr. Jones was indebted for this bright and noble idea to his fellow-

citizen, Prof. Gross. Our friend of the Review as far back as 1854, at the meeting of the American Medical Association at St. Louis, offered a resolution on gastronomics, the object of which was to prevent future meetings from enjoying opportunities for gormandizing. His fear that people will make a sacrifice of all morals in order to get a bellyful, wonderfully exercises him. In view of all these facts and the additional one that our ancient ally has a "Belly" at this time somewhat notorious, we should not be surprised should our friend earn the sobriquet of THE AMERICAN BELLY.

A man thus habitually attributing the actions of honorable men to the basest and most grovelling of motives, must himself live move and have his being in an atmosphere fatal to all the generous and ennobling emotions of the human soul. His jealousy of Dr. Eve seems by age and fermentations, to have become rancorous and malignant. Surely the cause must have sunk deep down in the dark cellars of the heart and been potent for mischief. We agree that it was—such a nature could but suffer anguish from such a cause, for DR. GROSS OWED HIS PLACE upon his return from New York to Louisville to the NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICING GENEROSITY OF EVE.

Dr. Eve accepted the place which Dr. Gross resigned at Louisville for a single session. He would agree for no longer, owing to peculiar circumstances. But at the close of the session these circumstances being removed, and Dr. Eve at his home in Georgia, he was unanimously recommended to the trustees by the students of the University of Louisville, and unanimously elected by the trustees permanent Professor of Surgery in that institution. Dr. Gross, sick of New York, wrote to Dr. Eve, asking for the place to which Eve had just been elected, taking care to say to Dr. Eve that whether he got his old place or not he should return to Louisville. Dr. Eve, with that open nobleness of heart that so peculiarly characterizes him, resigned his Chair, and was by that act thrown entirely out of the business of teaching in which he had been engaged for twenty years. It has been often insinuated that he did not join the Faculty here the year after he gave his Chair at Louisville to Dr. Gross, until a large bonus had been ensured him. The insinuation is utterly false. He never hinted at salary to us.



His soul scorned hire, and he took the fees from his tickets as his colleagues did, no more.

But Dr. Gross was under obligation to Dr. Eve for his old place at Louisville, and he hated him because of the obligation which he was intuitively conscious his own nature was incapable of returning save in the coinage of ingratitude.

But at last Dr. Gross is a President. He has got up at Philadelphia a little concern called "the Pathological Society of Philadelphia," and the last Review gives twenty-five or thirty pages to its proceedings, covering some four or five meetings, all opening with the caption—"The President, Dr. Gross, in the Chair." With these admissions we close this article, hoping to have it in our power, when the weather gets a little cooler, to show much in favor of our friend Dr. Gross. In the meantime we hope he will conclude to sit on in his Chair, attending to business of his own, for which he has a decided talent, while at it, and let other people's alone. Let him possess his soul in patience. We can tell him once for all that the University of Nashville cares not a pinch of foul air for his efforts to injure her, and defies his most concentrated malignity. A University founded half a century ago, numbering among its graduates many of the great Southern leaders, John Bell, Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, the Ewings', and a host of living worthies, and E. H. Foster and kindred spirits now in Heaven, with a solid endowment of nearly half a million of dollars, with a Medical Department only seven years old that has instructed two thousand chivalrous spirits of the South, may well afford to scorn the efforts of any man, or any set of men, North or South, whose interest might be promoted by her injury.

We do not intend to be defrauded out of our just dues, and among them is the forecast that induced us to record, at a time when Nashville was not so much as a fly-spec on the medical map of the United States, that it was destined under ten years to become a great medical centre. The prophecy was derided by the medical wiseacres of the day. It is now history. We predicted that she would rival the Eastern medical centre within that time, and though despised at the time as an idle boast, *that too* is history. We predicted that schools would multiply in the South with unexampled rapidity, and *that now*

is history. We knew then that the fulfilment of these predictions would establish links in a chain of prophecy that would bear toward each other the relation of cause and effect. That the fulfilment of the first would ensure that of the others. We thought we foresaw the effect of the fulfilment upon the absorbent voracity of Jefferson Medical College. We adhere to that conclusion, and while her chief is rubbing his hands and chuckling over what he esteems the disasters of Southern effort to teach medicine, and rejoicing in the anticipation that his tic-tac is to be the finishing shop and diploma furnishing establishment of the country, and giving himself no little credit for his supposed agency in hastening an inevitable result, as to professorial changes, and multiplication of schools of the South, we do not hesitate to predict that the antecedent and consequent are antagonistic ideals and that the "Yankee blade," and "Halifax handle" will never harmonize in the construction of a reliable instrument. He must hunt up other elements of future money-getting.

If Dr. Gross will take the trouble of examining our introductory lecture of 1852, he will see that we prophesied a multiplication of medical colleges in the South, and there hailed it as a means of keeping Southern students at home, as it has. We have never opposed their multiplication. In carrying out our prophecy no less than four schools have sprung up in the South since 1852, and there are at least two others in contemplation. If Dr. Gross thinks he has had any agency in building them up he is mistaken. We know that he hoped, that like the Kilkenny cats, they would destroy each other, or that at least after students attended one course in them he would get the diploma lick at them. But he is mistaken in that too. He will find that if there are a thousand schools in the South each will graduate a fair proportion of its students. We are as friendly to multiplication of medical schools in the South as Dr. Gross, and shall never throw a feather in their way.

One would think that the editor of the Review would have enough in his neighborhood to amuse him, and thus save him the trouble of hunting recreation so far from home. There are three or four regular, two or three *irregular*, and not a few defective schools of medicine in Philadelphia.



Among them is the great old University of Pennsylvania, whose fame is coextensive with civilization. At the head of her department of Practical Medicine is a man who has forced his works to take precedence in rank, even among our prejudiced English ancestors, and among her *eleves* are sought the great medical men of the nation, while the Pennsylvania Medical College is acknowledged by all judges to have a Faculty not surpassed by that of any medical college in the Union. These colleges stand firm as adamant in their advocacy of the American Medical Association, and have lost hundreds of students in upholding the glory and dignity of American medicine, who have been absorbed by less scrupulous rivals. And when the result, in *numbers* is made known, the cry is raised and repeated by silly or unthinking students, physicians and editors of journals, "Behold the *largest* medical school in the United States, or in the world!" Daniel Lambert was the *LARGEST* man in England, but we have never been impressed with his exalted *rank*. We believe in the estimation of Englishmen Sir Isaac Newton rather *out-ranked* him. Mr. Darden, of Tennessee, was the *largest* man in the world, but we think that the nation would regard Clay, Webster, Jackson, or Calhoun, as rather *out-ranking* him. We saw some pretty *large* medical brethren at the meeting at Washington, and yet we opine that our friend of the Review, albeit his Cassius like proportions, would esteem himself a match for any of them, except in the matter of *pulling down*, and even at *that*, in a less physical sense, he might be willing to try his hand with the best of them. We know that it will be thought that we have alluded in pretty swelling terms to large classes here. This is true, but it was in response to those who had predicted that we could not assemble a class here of *respectable* size. But our readers will bear us witness that we have never assumed to ourselves any importance because the profession of the South have endorsed by their patronage the sentiments, concerning medicine as a profession, which we chose to advocate.

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